

A PATERNAL CRITICISM.

Mr. Henry Irving's Comment on His Son's Early Hamlet.

H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving, was not educated primarily for the stage. Studying for the profession of barrister, while he was still in college he took part in amateur theatricals. An amusing story is told of one of his earlier interpretations of the difficult role of Hamlet. On this particular and early occasion, however, Sir Henry was "out in front," and after the performance several, including his son, crowded about him for an expression of opinion.

"What do you think of Smith as Polonius?" asked one.

"Good, very good," murmured Sir Henry in his quiet, kindly way.

"And Miss Blank as Ophelia?"

"Good, very good," again murmured Sir Henry.

"And Jones as the king?"

"Good, very good," repeated Sir Henry.

"And Thomas as Horatio?"

"Good, very good," came the answer.

So the entire cast was gone through with the exception of the principal character, and each received the same precise, neat criticism, "good, very good." Then there was a slight pause, an awkward pause, after which the son, who had been waiting eagerly and anxiously for his father's opinion about his acting, managed to pluck up enough courage to stammer, "But, father—what did you think of—the rest of the cast?"

Sir Henry looked blandly at his son and then remarked dryly, "Are you sure that you want to be an actor, my son?"—Bohemian Magazine.

THE SHAMROCK.

At One Time It Was Used For Food in Ireland.

That the shamrock was used as diet before it was adopted at the national emblem has been conclusively demonstrated, though in proof of the fact one writer borrows from another. Very few drew their information from personal observation. Spenser undoubtedly did, and he is perhaps responsible for the familiarization of this fact to his contemporaries. I quote the passage from "The View of the Present State of Ireland."

"Out of every corner of the woods and glens they came creeping forth upon their haunches, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat of the dead carions, and yf they founde a plote of water cresses or shamrocks there they flocked as to a feast for the time."

This dietary use was known to the Elizabethan dramatists.

I will give thee leave to cram my mouth with shamrocks and butter, and water cresses instead of pearsh and peepsh.—Ben Jonson's "Irish Masque."

This Irish footman, a wild kerne, a frog, a dog, whom I'll scare spwin. Longed you for shamrock?—Thomas Dekker.

"The shamrock thus used for food," says Mr. Colgan, "was one or other, or perhaps both, of the meadow clovers, or trefoils, Trifolium pratense (purple clover) and Trifolium repens (white clover) of modern botanists."—Notes and Queries.

THE OLD FARM.

Thoughts It Brought to One Who Knew It as a Boy.

One morning I was awakened with a strange new joy in my mind. It came to me at that moment with indescribable poignancy, the thought of walking barefoot in cool fresh plow furrows, as I had once done when a boy. So vividly the memory came to me—the high airy world, as it was at that moment, and the boy I was, walking free in the furrows—that the weak tears filled my eyes, the first I had shed in many years. Then I thought of sitting in quiet thickets in old fence corners, the wood behind me rising still, cool, mysterious, and the fields in front stretching away in limitless pleasantness. I thought of the good smell of cows at milking. You do not know if you do not know! I thought of the sights and sounds, the heat and sweat of the hayfields. I thought of a certain brook I knew when a boy that flowed among alders and wild parsnips, where I waded with a three foot rod for trout. I thought of all these things as a man thinks of his first love. Oh, I craved the soil! I hungered and thirsted for the earth. I was greedy for growing things.—American Magazine.

French Sentiment.

A French partridge who slew his father and mother and was asked upon condemnation what he had to say and why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, entreated the court to have mercy upon a poor orphan. This tale is green with the moss of ages and may not be true, but something like it is true of a woman named Marie Celestine, sentenced by a Paris tribunal to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor for the murder of her sister. While in court she constantly wore a long cravat veil. "Why do you wear this veil?" asked one of the officials, to which she replied that she was in mourning for her sister, showing an affectionate sensibility, the earlier exhibition of which, however, would have been more becoming to her even than the garment.

After Death.

It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or for evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among men. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood or betrays its emptiness. It is a touchstone that proves the gold and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or a lower point than he had formerly occupied in the scale of public appreciation.

A Remarkable Carrier Pigeon.

A remarkable story of the sagacity and physical endurance of a carrier pigeon is told in Nansen's story of his arctic explorations. One day the pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. It was immediately opened, and the little messenger was covered with kisses and caresses by the explorer's wife. After an absence of thirty months from the cottage the pigeon had brought a note from the explorer over a thousand miles of frozen waste and another thousand of ocean, plain and forest.

Advantages of Kilts.

The London Tailor and Cutter observes with its usual keen insight into human nature: "No one has yet suggested the utility of kilts. They never bag at the knees, nor do they ever require patching at that part, and their hygienic properties are proverbial."

Where He Saved.

Two residents of a suburban neighborhood were talking of the merits of gas and electricity and their comparative cost. "Well, I haven't figured it out carefully," said the man who used electric light, "but I know I save a lot of matches."

For a violin by Petrus Guarnerius, dated 1695, £200 was given at a recent sale in London; while one by Nicholas Lupot fetched £240.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since our last report:

United States to David E. Cripe pat, se 4 31-2-28	
State of Nebraska to John Bloomfield, dcd, n 2 ne 4 33-3-28	640 00
Albert G. Bump and wife to Emeline Cox wd, pt sw 4 21-3-29	500 00
R. B. Simmons and wife to James P. Crouse wd, pt sw 4 23-3-29	225 00
Nellie L. Crouse and husband to Robt McQuilkin wd, w 2 se 4 and sw 4 ne 4 and lot 2 also e 2 se 4 and se 4 ne 4 and lot 1 in 1-3-28	12 800 00
Lesley A. Thomas and wife to Mary B. Hupp wd, 3 in 15 Lebanon	912 50
Lillian M. Whish and husband to William Deere wd, sw 4 11-1-30	1 00
Nicholas D. Wuckoff and wife to Me-Leon Goddard wd, 18 19 in 23 Indianola	500 00
Frank G. Westland and wife to Asahel E. Petty wd, 4 and n 25 in 12 1st MeCook	2 500 00
George F. Andrews to Martin S. Lynch trustee, qcd s 2 ne 4 15-1-29	1 00
Martin S. Lynch trust to J. D. Ringer qcd, s 2 ne 4 13-1-29	500 00
United States to Hiram Embrey pat, no 49-1-29	
F. T. Walker and wife to Alex F. Wilkins wd, sw 4 10-1-30	1 600 00
Lincoln Land Co. to J. M. Rupp wd, 11 in 21 2nd MeCook	125 00
Ralph Glidden and wife to Susan J. Martin wd, s 2 10 in 24 MeCook	900 00
I ora L. Rouse and husband to Otto Webber wd, pt 2 in 3 Esther Park Bartley	46 00
Nicholas A. Duff and wife to John Deveney wd, w 2 17-2-27	5 000 00
School Dist No. 28 to Allen E. Boyer wd, 13 in 16 Danbury	382 00
Lorenco Beck and wife to John Albright wd, sw 4 29-2-27	4 500 00
Joseph Beringer and wife to Louis Unger wd, se 4 3-2-28	4 300 00
William W. Eberhart and wife to Jos. Murphy wd, e 2 nw 4 and w 2 ne 4 8-1-27	4 800 00
Frank S. Loton and wife to I. J. Bringer wd, s 2 21-1-29	5 500 00
Charles F. Lehn and wife to Lucius T. Lambert & Eugene Lambert wd, w 2 nw 4 5-3-30	1 600 00
Samuel Current to Michael Sullivan wd, s 2 sw 4 27-4-26	1 065 00
Martin Donlin to W. E. McKillip wd, nw 4 5-3-26	6 300 00
Jederson H. Stephens and wife to Marian V. Overstake wd, 10 in 2 Lebanon	400 00
Norman B. Silver and wife to Ira D. Pennington wd, 3 in 13 MeCook	1 525 00
MeCook Press & Ink Co. to the public uti, 1 corp.	15 000 00
Anna Collier to William C. Baudel wd, 6 in 15 MeCook	2 400 00
Charles E. Lehn and wife to Edie D. Allen wd, blk 7 3rd MeCook	6 000 00
Harvey V. Lord and wife to Henry L. Goodenberger wd, 2 in 9 Danbury	100 00
Henry L. Goodenberger and wife to Harvey V. Lord wd, pt se 4 ne 4 19-1-27	3 500 00
H. V. Lord and wife to Henry L. Goodenberger wd, 3 in 5 Danbury	1 000 00
Maggie J. Lord and husband to Henry L. Goodenberger wd, 4 in 5 Danbury	100 00
Walter M. Pennington and wife to Philip E. Lemasters wd, 3 in 49 Bartley	500 00
Lincoln Land Co. to Oscar N. Rector wd, 1 in 7 4th addn MeCook	225 00
Clarence B. Finn and wife to Clark T. Loper wd, sw 4 22-1-29	3 000 00
James S. Armstrong and wife to John L. Abel wd, se 4 7 and w 2 sw 4 8 in 2-30	5 400 00
William A. Davenport and wife to William E. McCoy wd, w 2 ne 4 7-4-27	2 000 00
John S. Miller and wife to A. B. Stout wd, sw 4 5-4-26	2 500 00
A. B. Stout and wife to Jennie Walton wd, sw 4 5-4-26	4 500 00
Smith Bros. L. & T. Co. to A. B. Correll wd, ne 4 9-2-26	1 300 00
Edward Greene to J. M. Somerville qcd, w 2 sw 4 and ne 4 sw 4 29-3-30	1 00
T. S. Allen and wife to MeCook Loan & Trust Co. qcd, sw 4 21-2-29	30 00

Advance Notice to Subscribers.

Subscription expiration notices are now being prepared and in a few days will be mailed to all delinquent subscribers of THE TRIBUNE. We hope to receive a prompt reply from all. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. Labor and material have sharply advanced but the subscription price remains at \$1.00 a year—but the \$1.00 should be in advance. THE PUBLISHER.

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Advertised Letters.

The following letters remained uncalled for at the McCook postoffice, Feb. 28th 1907:

LETTERS.	LETTERS.
Ackley, Mr. Ray	McKelvey, Mr. Earnest
Alexander, Jas. A. (2)	Mills, Elmer
Bloom, Albert	Munkin, Mr. John B.
Boyer, E. S.	Musen, Mr. Lee
Bechtel, Miss Ada	Miller, Mr. Frank
Bohringer, Margu rite	Mr. J. J. Ryan
Bailey, Mr. Theodore	Nichols, W. E.
Curtis, Ray	O'Connell, Mr. G.
Clark, John	O'Brien, Mr. & Mrs. Ned
Cappon, O. G.	Owen, Mr. J. P.
Feist, Philip S.	Reinhardt, Mr. Geo.
Griswold, Miss Grace G.	Rankin, Mrs. Anna
Galaway, Francis M.	Reynolds, Mr. Raymond
Glasgow, Mr. J. E.	Scott, Mrs. Alvin
Grimes, M. A.	Schneider, Mr. Henry
Honsey, Mrs. V.	Sherrill, Clara H.
Hatcher & Co. J. D.	Smith, Miss Rae
Henderson, Miss Hope	Smith, Mr. Will
Hall, C. F.	Smith, Frank
Haman, (Fireman)	Stanko, Ernest
Hestblinger, Wm.	Vinson, Mort W.
Jerman, Miss Amanda	Vinson, Mr. Henry
Kernan, Mr. Harry	Wilson, Mr. Frank
Lauefer, Mr. Fred	Wahl, H.
Lindehl, Mr. Emil	Wadkins, Miss Jo-Jo
Lambert, Mr. Fred	Whitman, Mr. Thomas
Lester, B. F.	White, Mrs. M.
Marsh, Mr. Ira L.	Walker, Mr. Frank
	Whitney & Bergdale

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

F. M. KIMMELL, Postmaster.

How to Be Ready.

To know how to be ready—a great thing, a precious gift and one that implies calculation, grasp and decision—to be always ready a man must be able to cut a knot, for everything cannot be untied. He must know how to disengage what is essential from the detail in which it is inwrapped, for everything cannot be equally considered. In a word, he must be able to simplify his duties, his business and his life. To know how to be ready is to know how to start. It is astonishing how all of us are generally cumbered up with the thousand and one hindrances and duties which are not such, but which nevertheless wind us about with their spider threads and fetter the movement of our wings. It is the lack of order which makes us slaves. The confusion of today discounts the freedom of tomorrow. Confusion is the enemy of all comfort, and confusion is born of procrastination. To know how to be ready we must be able to finish. Nothing is done but what is finished. The things which we leave dragging behind us will start up again later on before us and harass our path. Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is at the bottom to know how to die.—Amiel.

The Lottery in Italy.

Lotto banks do a thriving business in Italy. Millions of people of all classes and conditions contribute every week to the game, by which they hope to make fortunes. The princess and her maid, the professor and his pupils, the bootblack and the army officer, the crippled mendicant, school children—everybody is drawn into the lotto net. The main office is in Rome, but sub-offices are in operation in every hamlet in the kingdom, and drawings take place every Saturday in eight cities. The public knows the hour of the drawing, and the plaza near the Via del Umitta, near the Quirinal, always swarms with people when the little blind boy draws five numbers of the ninety which have been placed there. These numbers are displayed on a signboard in the order in which they are drawn, and the player who has bought a ticket with the same numbers in the same order receives the grand prize. The play keeps many people still poorer than they would be and is a great source of revenue to the country.—Illustrirte Zeitung.

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What Breathing Amounts To.

In each respiration an average adult inhales one pint of air. A man breathes sixteen to twenty times a minute, and a young child about twenty-five to thirty-five times. While in a standing posture the number of respirations is greater than when lying down. A man takes only thirteen breaths of air to the minute while reclining. The superficial surface of the lungs is 200 square yards. The amount of air inspired by an adult in twenty-four hours is about 10,000 quarts. The least amount of air needed by an adult in one hour is 380 quarts. The heart sends through the lungs 5,000 gallons of blood daily.

Most Birds Love Toys.

Most birds love toys. The playthings help to while away the time and prevent them from tearing their plumage. Parrots are especially devoted to playthings and can be trained to do simple tricks with the objects specially fancied. A soft billed bird will amuse itself for an hour with a peanut which it cannot break, a tiny bell or a mirror just big enough to reflect its own head.—Mary Dawson in St. Nicholas.

Fixing the Value.

Jones—So the price of that "old master" is \$5,000. It doesn't look to be worth \$10.

Art Dealer—Yes, but remember it was painted in 1249. Just think what \$10 at compound interest would amount to for that length of time!

Impertinent.

Old Doctor—What are those white objects I see in the distance, my dear? Miss Pert—Those are signs advertising your profession, sir. Old Doctor—Ah, I thought they might be tombstones. Miss Pert—So they are.

Suppose She Had Been Out!

"What day was I born on, mother?" "Thursday, child." "Wasn't that fortunate? It's your day 'at home.'—Harper's Weekly.